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[From the Manchester Examiner.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE

ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE

Arts of Production and the Arts of Design.

[In the spring of 1852, an association was formed by the Catholics of Manchester and Salford, England, to raise funds for the education of the poor. The Committee, in aid of this purpose, invited Cardinal Wiseman to deliver an address upon some literary subject of general popular interest. Accordingly on the 28th of April last, in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, his Eminence spoke for three hours, as follows. We know not that we have ever read anything so calculated to inspire the true sentiment of Art among the working people. Those who are interested in the establishment of Schools of Design in our country, could not ask a better presentation of the importance of their cause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I ought certainly to commence my address to you by thanking you for the extremely kind manner in which you have been pleased to receive me, but I feel that I must not waste your time in mere expressions of a personal character, feeling rather that I shall have to tax your time and your attention to a considerable extent. I will, therefore, enter at once upon the proposed subject of my address, which has

already been communicated to you by my old and excellent friend the Bishop of Salford. And I am sure I need not say, for he already has well expressed it to you, that it is a topic which at this moment has engaged its full share of public attention, as drawing to itself the interest of all the educated classes, and is in fact a topic connected with important questions, the solution of which may have to exert an important influence not only on our social but likewise on our moral progress.

While I wish, however, to escape from the tediousness of a long introduction, I feel that I shall be naturally expected to say a few words on the motives which have induced me to select this particular topic for the city of Manchester. I must be conscious, and it must be obvious also to many, that there are present persons who are much more able to instruct me upon such a subject than I can pretend to be to instruct them.

There are persons to whom the topics and the questions connected with my subject have not been merely a matter of recreation and pleasurable pursuit, but a subject of earnest study—the occupation perhaps of their lives, and a duty to themselves and their families. Now, gentlemen, were I to come here with a pretence that I could give you any instruction upon practical matters connected with the great business of this city; did I presume to assert that I was going to give you some information regarding the details of the productive art, for instance—which were new to you all—I certainly should deserve to be received with anything but that kind indulgence which you have already forestalled me, and which I feel you are disposed to extend to me. I should deserve to be treated as was a much greater personage of old—the Emperor Alexander, who, Pliny tells us, was in the habit of visiting the studio of the celebrated Apelles. When on one occasion he began to discourse with that great artist concerning his profession, Apelles, with that frankness which was the privilege of so eminent a man, said to the Emperor, "Hush! If you continue to speak that way, my very color-grinders will laugh at you." And if I did not receive quite so strong a demonstration of disapprobation, I might expect some within themselves to think of me as Hannibal did of that old philosopher, who promised to give a lecture in his presence on the science of war. I come, therefore, with no such pretensions as these. I have come before you as one who has passed many years in contact and familiarity with Art—who has been, perhaps, no negligent observer of what occupies the public attention—who has endeavored to master a topic, the influence of which he sees to be so important upon a class in which he might feel the greatest interest—namely, the poor—whom it is his duty to assist in educating, and more and more feels that he has a right, and perhaps even a duty to claim indulgence, and to communicate whatever he feels that he is prompted to speak, with the highest and best of motives—the desire of being beneficial to his fellow-creatures. (Loud applause.)

The topic on which I have to address you, then, is the CONNECTION OR RELATION BETWEEN THE ARTS OF PRODUCTION AND THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

By the Arts of Production, I mean naturally those arts by which what is but a raw material assumes a form, a shape, a new existence, adapted for some necessity or some use in the many wants of life. Such is pottery, such is carving in its various branches, whether applied to wood or to stone; such is the working of metals, whether of gold, or silver, or brass, or iron; such is the production of textile matters—of objects of whatever sort and for whatever purpose; such is construction in its different branches, commencing with the smallest piece of furniture, and ascending to a great and majestic edifice. By the Arts of Design, I understand those which represent nature to us in any form, or which bring before us beauty, whether in form or in color.

Now those arts ought, as every one agrees, to be in close harmony one with the other; but that harmony which I wish to establish between them must be an honorable union, an equal compact, a noble league. There is not to be one the servant and the other the master; each must be aware of the advantages which it can receive as well as those which it can confer. Thus the arts, for instance, of design, will have to give elegance of form, grace of outline, beauty of ornament, to that which is produced by the other class of arts; and they in their turn have to transmit, and multiply, and perpetuate the creations of the arts of design. Now it is agreed on all hands that as yet this complete harmony does not exist; that we have far from arrived at that mutual application of the one class to the other, which gives us a satisfactory result. It is unnecessary, I believe, to bring evidence of this. As we proceed, I trust that opportunities will present themselves of bringing before you authorities enough for that assertion. But I may say at the very outset that the report which is published by the department of Practical Art, is almost based upon the acknowledgment that as yet we have not attained that application of the arts of design to the arts of production which we desire, and which is most desirable to the arts of production to obtain. It acknowledges the existence of a necessity for much more instruction than has yet been given. It allows that for several years—thirteen years, at least—of the existence of schools of design, they have not been found fully to attain their purpose, and a new organization and a new system has now begun to be adopted. No one can appreciate, I trust, more than I am inclined to do myself, the advantages which must result from the multiplication of these schools of design as applied to manufactures, and other great improvements which they have already begun to confer, and will continue, no doubt, still more to bestow upon the industrial classes. I believe it most important to propagate to the utmost the love of Science—the love of Art. I believe it most useful to accustom every child even to its first rudiments, its elemen-

tary states. I think that if we can make drawing a part of universal education, a great deal will be gained. But this, certainly, cannot be enough. I am willing to grant that we shall have a great improvement upon what we have produced in the form of Art. I believe that we shall see better designers—men with better imaginations—men who understand the harmony and combination of colors better, and who can give to the artisans patterns which will greatly improve every department of our industry. But, I ask, is that sufficient? Will this bring Art up to what we desire? This is the great question. This is the subject of which I am going to treat. It appears to me that there is a very simple mode of looking at it, and it is the one, consequently, which I shall adopt. It is a question partly of experience. It is a lesson much of which history can teach us, and I desire to bring before you such facts as seem to me to bear upon the question, and to enable us to come to a practical and satisfactory conclusion. (Applause.) I will endeavor to state the question under a very simple, but perhaps it may appear not a very practical form.

There is now a great desire to form, not only in the capital, but also in all great cities where industry prevails, museums which should contain all the most perfect specimens of Art antiquity in every age has left us of beauty in design and elegance in form. We wish that our artisans should have frequently before them what may be considered not merely actual models to copy, but likewise such objects as may gradually impress their minds with feelings of taste. Now I should like to have the construction, the forming of such a museum as I should wish the city of Manchester to enjoy. And in describing it I will confine myself entirely to one small department, that of classical Art—classical antiquity—because I know that for a museum intended to be practical to the eyes of artisans, there is a far wider range of collection to be taken than that to which I will confine myself. Well, now, I imagine to myself a hall at least as large as this, and of a more elegant and perfect architecture. I will suppose it to be formed itself upon classical models, and around it shall be ranged not merely plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts collected from antiquity. I would range them round the room so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student. There should be room for the draughtsman to take a copy from any side. In the centre I would spread out a beautiful mosaic, such as we find in the museums, for instance, of Rome, or pavement in rich colors, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets in which there should be, but enclosed carefully with glass, so that there would be no danger of accident, the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases, of every size, of every shape, plain and colored, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which give them such character, and at the same time such price. And on one side I would have collected for you some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be bronze vessels of the most elegant form and the most exquisite carving, and there should be all sorts even of household utensil, such as are found there, of most beautiful shape and exquisite finish. On the walls I would have some of those paintings which have yet remained almost unharmed after being buried for so many hundreds of years, and which retain their freshness, and would glow upon your walls and clothe them with beauty, and, at the same time with instruction. And then I would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold and silver and bronze, of as great an extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship; and so engraved gems likewise, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure. Now, if such a museum could be collected, you would say, I am sure, that so far as classical antiquity goes—classical Art—you have everything that you could desire, and you have as noble, as splendid, as beautiful a collection of artistic objects as it is within the reach of modern wealth and influence to collect. In fact, you

would say, if you could not make artists now by the study of these objects, it was a hopeless matter, because here was everything that antiquity has given us of the most beautiful.

Now I am afraid that while you have been following me in this formation of an ideal museum, you have thought it required a great stretch of imagination to suppose it possible that such a collection could be made in any city of England. I will ask you, then, now to spread your wings a little more, and fly with me into even a more imaginary idea than this. Let us suppose that by some chance all these objects which we have collected were at some given period, in the first century of Christianity, collected together in an ancient Roman house; and let us suppose that the owner of the house suddenly appeared amongst us, and had a right to claim back all those beautiful works of Art which we so highly prize, which we have taken so much trouble, and laid out so much money to collect. Now what does he do with them when he has got them back? Why, what will he do with those statues which we have been copying, and drawing, and admiring so much? Pliny finds great fault, is very indignant with the people of his age, because he says they have begun to form galleries, *pinacothecas*; that such a thing was unknown before; that no real Roman should value a statue merely as a work of Art, but that it was only as the statues of their ancestors that he ought to value them. And thus that Roman looks at them as nothing else. He takes them back, he puts the best of them, not in the centre of a room where it may be admired, but to him it is a piece of household furniture, and he puts it with all its fellows into the niches from which they have been taken, and where they are, perhaps, in a very bad light. It is exceedingly probable that if the statues were not of his ancestors, he would, instead of allowing them to remain in the beautiful hall prepared for them, send them into his garden, into his villa, to stand out in the open air, and receive all the rain of heaven upon them. The mosaic which we have valued so much, and which is so wonderful a piece of work, he will put most probably into the parlor of his house to be trodden under foot by every slave that comes in and goes out. And now he looks about him at that wonderful collection of beautiful Etruscan vases which we have got together, and he recognizes them at once; "take that to the kitchen, that is to hold oil;" "take that to the scullery, that is for water;" "take these plates and drinking cups to the pantry, I shall want them for dinner;" and those smaller—those beautiful vessels which yet retain as they do the very scent of the rich odors which were kept in them—"take them to the dressing-rooms, those are what we want on our toilet; this is a washing-basin which I have been accustomed to use; what have they been making of all these things to put them under glass, and treat them as wonderful works of Art." And of those beautiful bronze vessels, some belong again to the kitchen, others belong to our furnished apartments; but every one of them is a mere household piece of furniture. And then he looks into the beautiful cabinet, and he sends those exquisite gems into his room, to be worn by himself or family, as ordinary rings; and your gold medals, and silver medals, and bronze medals, he quietly puts into his purse, for, to him, they are common money. Now, then, here we have made a collection of magnificent productions of Art; and, in reality, these were all the fruits of the arts of production. (Cheers.)

Now, what are we to say to this? We are to say that there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times, when there was no distinction between the arts of production and the arts of design, but those very things which to us now are objects of admiration as artistic work, were then merely things made and fashioned as we see them for the ordinary uses to which we adapt other things of perhaps similar substances, but of a very different form. For, in fact, if you had these vessels, you would not know what to do with them. We could not cook a dinner in them. We certainly could not adapt them to our common wants. But to the Romans they were the very objects which were

used for those purposes; and although now in reading the old writers, and trying to make out the dreadfully hard names by which all these different pieces of pottery are called, yet, learned and classical as all that may be, when we come to translate these high-sounding Greek names into English, we get very modest results—pipkins, and basins, and ewers, and flagons, and such homely names as these. (Applause.) Now where is the Art there? Is it that these were designed, do you think, by some man of great reputation, and then that they were all carefully copied, exactly imitated, from his design? Oh! certainly nothing of the sort. The Art that is in these beautiful things is a part of themselves—is bestowed upon them in their fabrication; you may take the Etruscan vase and you may scratch away from it, if you please, every line which had been traced by the pencil of the embellisher upon it; and after that the seal of beautiful design, grace, and the elegance of true Art, are so stamped upon it, that if you wish to remove them you must smash the vase. (Applause.) It is inherent in it; it was created with it.

Then what I fancy is desired, is, that we should bring Art back to that same state in which the arts of design are so interwoven with the arts of production that the one cannot be separated from the other, but that that which is made is by a certain necessity made beautiful. And this can only be when we are able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles, until really it has pervaded their souls, and until the true feeling of Art is at their fingers' ends. (Loud applause.) You will see, I think, from the example which I have given you, what is the principle at which I am aiming, which I wish to establish. It is this: that at any period in which there has been a really close union between the arts of production and the arts of design, this has resulted from the union in one person of the artist and the artisan.

Such now is the principle that I am going to develop; and, in doing so, I will distinguish between arts of production belonging to two distinct classes. There are those in which necessarily there is manipulation—the use of the hand, or of such implements as the hand directly employs; and there are those in which mechanical ingenuity is employed in the art of production. It is clear that these two must be treated distinctly, and I will begin with the first, which affords the greatest number of illustrations and examples in proof of that principle which I have laid down.

I will begin first, then, with illustrations from metal work. Now, the period in which there was the greatest perfection in this sort of work, as is universally acknowledged, is from about the fourteenth century—1300, I think, to 1600, or at least after 1500. It is singular that in that period five at least, very probably more, but we have it recorded of five of the most distinguished sculptors whose works are now the most highly prized, that they were ordinary working goldsmiths and silversmiths. This is given us in their respective lives; Benvenuto Cellini, Luca della Robbia, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Baccio Bandinelli, all of whom were goldsmiths and workers at first, and developed most extraordinary talent as sculptors. How was this done? Can we conceive a person who is merely a workman, working upon such plate as is put before him, becoming a man of high first-class character in Art? There have been examples, as we should see, but they are rare. But here we have five men, in a limited period, becoming most eminent. Now what was the reason of that? It was because the jeweller, the silversmith, who worked with his hands, was considered of necessity to be educated not only as an artist, but an artist of the highest class; and Vasari observes, in the life of Bandinelli, that in those times no man was reputed a good goldsmith who was not a good draughtsman, and who could not work as well in relief. We have a principle then established, that the person who did the material work in the finer works was an artist who could not only draw but model; and did the same with the metal itself, for that is the nature of that class of work of which I have spoken.

Now, take the life of Cellini. There was a man who originally was put to a totally different em-

ployment. His father had no higher ambition concerning him than that he should become a great player upon the flute, and he teased him during all the last years of his life because he had no taste for this, and would run after goldsmiths and others, and learn the different branches of his profession. He led the most wonderful life. He was to-day at Rome; next day at Florence; then he was at Naples; then at Venice; then in France; then back again; in fact, it seems incredible that he could have done any work to any one who reads his life. And he did not travel by train or by any public conveyance which could take on his luggage. He travelled on horseback each time from Rome all the way to Paris. He had no luggage; he was a poor man, and whenever he came and started his shop, he began by making often his own tools; and he worked with his scholars, who were generally young men that became themselves eminent in the profession, in a little open shop, looking to the street; and there he himself hammered, and carved, and cast, and shaped, and did whatever else was necessary for the work. He was an actual working goldsmith, and the beauty of his works consists in this, that they have the impress of genius so marked upon them that they never could have been designed by one person, and executed by another. There is as much art in the finish by his own hand in every enamel, in the setting of every stone, as there is in the entire design; nor does he ever dream of talking of himself in any other way; and yet how he went on from step to step, until at length he produced the most magnificent works, on the largest scale, in marble and in bronze! And he describes how he constructed his own Perseus. He went to buy his own wood, and saw it brought, and when he was casting that most exquisite statue of Perseus, which is still one of the wonders of Art, he had every sort of misfortune. His furnace blew up, the roof was blown off; and the rain came in torrents upon the fire just the moment that the metal was going to be poured in. By his ingenuity, his extraordinary contrivances, he baffled, it might appear, the whole chain of accidents, and brought all out, almost without a flaw, that most perfect piece of workmanship. You may imagine to what a state he was reduced when, the very moment that the metal was ready for pouring out, the explosion took place. He had no other resource but to run to his kitchen, as he says, and to take every piece of copper, to the amount of 200 porringers and different sorts of kettles, and throw them into the fire, and from these that splendid statue came forth. There was genius. (Loud cheers.)

As a curious instance of the most extraordinary ingenuity, he tells us that on one occasion a surgeon came into his shop to perform an operation on the hand of one of his pupils. Upon looking at his instruments he found them, as they were certainly in those days, so exceedingly rude and clumsy that he said—"If you will only wait half an hour, I will make you a better instrument;" and he went into his workshop and took a piece of steel, and brought out a most beautifully finished knife, with which the operation was successfully performed. Now this man, at the time you see him thus working, as I said, in his shop as a common workman, was modelling in the most exquisite manner in wax, spending his evenings in the private apartments of the Grand Duke, modelling in his presence, and assisting him with a hundred little trifles which are now considered treasures of Art. And so wherever he was, and under all circumstances, he acted as an artist, but at the same time, as a truly laboring artisan. It was the same with others in the same profession. He was not the only man by any means whose genius was so universal; because we find him telling us repeatedly that the moment he heard of some goldsmith (and in those days a goldsmith was really an artist, as I have already said) who excelled in any particular branch of Art he determined to excel him. Thus it was that he grew to rival the medals of one, the enamels of another, the peculiar manner of putting foil to precious stones of another, and, in fact, there was not a branch of Art which he did not consider it his duty to excel in. With this spirit, it is wonderful that

men of really great taste should have been produced, men who, you observe, looked upon every branch of productive art as really a branch of the highest art of design; and thus in their own persons combined that art with the power of the tool?

There is another celebrated jeweller of that time, whom he mentions frequently, of the name of Antonio Foppa, a Milanese, who is better known in the history of Art by a name which he received in derision in Spain, the name of Capodursa, which means a bear's face, and which he is known by commonly in works of Art. Cellini describes to us the processes by which he produces his works, and they are so careful, and require such accurate knowledge of Art, that his knowledge must have been very superior indeed in the arts of design. As an instance of what was the latitude and the extent of Art, and how really a jeweller or goldsmith in those days was not above work which in our days no one would dare offer to a person of such a profession, we have a case recorded in the history of one of the painters, Pierino del Vaga, by Vasari, speaking of a very particular friend of Pierino's, a goldsmith. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany was building his palace he gave to this man a commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of that palace; and it is considered a great pity that a work of so homely a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever that it was a work of exquisite beauty. So that, even upon what would be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist did not feel it was beneath him to design—not to give a design to others, but to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palace, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful and at the same time, necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. Those are the rich cabinets in which may be found, mixed together, work in marble, and in ivory, and in wood, and in metals, and in enamel, and in painting, all combined together by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors of which it seems impossible to find any good trace. They probably were produced by those men called goldsmiths, and who, as I said before, could work as well upon any of those substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole. (Cheers.)

Now, proceeding from what is most precious in Art to what is more homely, let us return for a moment to a subject on which I have already touched. I have spoken of the beauty of the productions of antiquity in metal, which were found in the excavation, particularly of those two buried museums, as we may call them, of antiquity, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these is chiefly in Naples. Except where presents have been made to other countries, they have been jealously kept together. Now, these different objects have not been dug out of temples or out of palaces, but they have been taken out of every sort of house—houses evidently belonging to the citizens—and I think you may see that there is not one in that collection which does not immediately arrest the eye both by the beauty of form, and by its exquisite fancy. Many of them have been engraved in the publication called the Museo Borbonico, the Bourbon Museum, the Museum of Naples; and I think very justly the remark is made by the editor in the fifth volume, that the whole modern civilised world, however vast it may be, and however it may labor in so many arts and so many trades, does not and cannot exhibit even a small proportion of that elegance and ornament varied in a thousand ways, and in innumerable most fantastic modes, which are to be admired in the remains of furniture found in Pompeii and Herculaneum—two cities which occupied so insignificant a place in the ancient world. That is quite true. Now, what are we to infer from this? There can be no doubt, as I have said, on examining these beautiful objects, that they have been for common use. There are scales—steelyards—which can only have been made to weigh provisions; the chains are most delicately worked; the weight is frequently a head with a helmet, most

beautifully chiselled; and so genuine and true are these, so really intended for every-day use that one of them has stamped upon it as yet the authentication made at the capitol of the weights being just. This was a steelyard which was in the kitchen, and it was for the ordinary purposes of the house. There are other large vessels which must have served for culinary purposes, and of which the handles, and the rings, and the different parts are finished far beyond what the finest bronzes that are made now in Paris can equal. What are we to conclude? You do not suppose these were the designs of the Flaxmans and the Baileys of that day. Who ever heard of a great artist in Pompeii and Herculaneum? And how can you imagine that every house furnished itself with what were considered exquisite and extraordinary specimens of Art, for the use of their every-day life? And then, where are their common utensils, if these are not they? If these lamps were not what they burnt, if these candelabra were not the shafts upon which they were hung, if these vessels were not those in which they prepared their viands, where are those? Were they carried away in the flight? But the most precious would surely be carried away, and the commoner be left behind. Nothing of the sort. One may see here everything is to be found; everything is beautiful in shape, and generally in finish. What are we to conclude? Why, that the brazeners who made these things were able to make them. They came from the hands of the brass-founder; they have been chiselled in the workshop; they have been finished, not to be put up in cabinets, but in order to be knocked about by servants. Then we have a state of Art in which the producer, the man who makes, who manipulates, who handles the object of manufacture which he produces, was able to do what now defies almost our most superior workmen. (Cheers.)

Now, let us go to another part of the world, and come to a later period. Nuremberg, during the time which I have specified—between 1300 and the middle of 1500—was a centre of Art, and especially in all metal work. There is an observation of Hoffman, a German writer, that Nuremberg was the city in which the artist and the craftsman walked most harmoniously hand in hand; but I think he does not go far enough; he ought to have said that it was a city in which the artisan and the artist were the most perfectly combined. At a very early period—that is, as early as 1355—there was produced a piece of work such as is at this day the admiration of all artists. And what was it! It was a mere well—a fountain in the public square; the beautiful fountain—the beautiful well, as it is to this day most justly called. Now, this was made entirely by the designer—by the artist himself, Höfer, who united in himself these two qualities; and it is acknowledged that in the treatment of the metal work, and in the beauty of the religious images which surround this fountain, but few steps have been made in Art since that time. And he, as I observed, was a mere workman; he did his own work. At a later period—at what is considered the third period of Art, in Nuremberg—there is another remarkable piece of metal work; and I am glad to find that in the last report just published by the department of Practical Art, Mr. Smirke has introduced a letter, in which he begs that this piece of workmanship, which he calls one of the most celebrated productions in metal, may be copied by casts, and brought to this country as a specimen of Art. Now that beautiful production was of as early a period as 1506; it was made between 1506 and 1519; and it is the shrine of St. Sebald, in his church at Nuremberg; and no one who had seen that exquisite piece of work—so beautiful, so elegant, as that no iconoclasm had dared to touch it, though I must say that Nuremberg had been preserved from the reproach of that error—but there it is in its freshness and its beauty, as it came from the artist's hand; in the centre, a shrine of silver, in which is yet the body of the Saint, and around it what may be called a cage or grating of the most perfect metal work, and with statues of most exquisite workmanship. Now I do wish this to be brought to England—a copy, that is, of it—not

merely because it will show what was done in ages that we consider hardly emerging from barbarism—not only what beautiful inspirations religion could give the artist, but because it will show to those who are trying to raise the character of any art the true principle upon which alone it can ever be raised to what it was then. They will see the artist portrayed upon it—Peter Vischer—they will see him with his apron on; they will see him with his chisel and his mallet in his hand; they will see that he aspires to nothing more than a handicraftsman, a workman in metal, who yet could conceive first and then design this most magnificent production of man's hand. (Applause.)

Another example, something of the same sort, we shall find in a neighboring country. There is at Antwerp, likewise, a beautiful well near the cathedral; and if you ask who it was that produced this, you will hear that it was one who sometimes had been known as a painter, and at others under the more familiar appellation of the blacksmith of Antwerp—a blacksmith—and there is a piece of iron work, which, I fear, that not our most perfect works could turn out; certainly not—nothing that could be compared with it; and Quintin Matsys was a poor school-boy, who, finding the heavy blacksmith's work too much for him, took to drawing and coloring little images of Saints, to be given out in processions, and thus rose to be a painter and an artist, finding his first profession too heavy for his strength. But this iron work is a work of Art; it is not a work merely cast in the lump, and then put together; but it is a work that required genius, that required great artistic skill; it shows that the artist even worked in iron; that a man who belonged to the very lowest branch of what may be considered the Arts—laboring in metal—was able, notwithstanding, to imagine and to carry out the most beautiful conceptions.

Now, coming to modern times, do we find anything of this sort? I content myself with referring to that last report which I have just mentioned—of the department of Practical Art. In that report there are incorporated letters from some of our best silver and goldsmiths upon the character of the artistic proficiency of the workmen; I will only read one, for all in reality repeat the same sentiment. "At present we seldom find an English workman who understands drawing. Not one of our English workmen has a knowledge of drawing;" and it is said that, without exception, these men will not even go to the school; they have attempted to bring them to the School of Practical Art, that they may learn something of the principles by which the works in their branch of productive Art should be conducted. They cannot induce them even to go and obtain that information, though it is nearly, or entirely, gratuitously given. So little taste, then, so little feeling of Art, is there in our workmen now. Can we expect they will produce works that will rival those of ancient times? For there is that broad, immense difference; in one the artist was the workman; now, the workman has only a degree of intelligence above the machinery which he uses. He can apply those means which are put into his hand, but can have no feeling to give the last touch, or even to bring things to ordinary perfection. On the other hand, we must be struck with the difference, that in France there is much more taste, much more knowledge, much more intelligence in the actual artificer; the exhibition showed that, though we had magnificent things in silver work, and gorgeous objects in metallic productions, beautiful and splendid, yet when you came to look at them with the artist's eye, you could not help observing the immense difference between our English productions and those of France; though, be it spoken to the glory of our English goldsmiths, they have both the taste, and the generosity, and the munificence to bring over and to employ the very first foreign artists; and it was thus we did produce some objects that stood in competition, not with those of the workman's rivals, but with those of his own countrymen.

In Vech you had an example of what the artists in old times were. He began as a cotton-spinner; he became a manufacturer of toys; then

a button-maker; and then he began to work with the chisel. His genius developed itself. He began to retouch and repair ancient armour, and then was tempted, seeing that these were things sought after (it appears with the most honest intention) to imitate them, and he found that they were bought and put in royal and imperial cabinets as real work of what is called cinquecento. And then he imitated the shields, working exactly upon Cellini's principle, that everything, however small, is worked out separately, and then fastened together; that nothing is cast, but that everything, to the smallest tip of the least finger, is hollow; and he worked on, and produced it by his artistic and careful manipulation. He began to work this way, and he found his silver work also became considered as ancient and adopted into collections of valuable antiquities. He then learned the power of his own genius, and he soon rose; and when the late revolution in France took place he had commissions for works to the amount of 60,000*l*. And this was all his own work, the production of his own hands. However, his losses were in common with many others who had engaged in higher branches of art, and he has been since in this country; but certainly those specimens of his work which we had in the exhibition were not only most beautiful but most exquisite; and many persons who took the pains to examine in detail some of works in silver, which were presented by one French house in particular—the Freres Maurice—must have been struck by the high artistic merit of them all. And they are all worked entirely bit by bit by the artist; and it was impossible they could be executed but by an artist who could model as well as draw, and who knew how to treat his metal perfectly, so as to give all the softness, beauty, and delicacy of the original model. (Cheers.)

(To be continued.)

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from p. 171.)

Mendelssohn's entire treatment of this subject, as it will be the object of these remarks to trace, is of a highly poetical character; to do justice, therefore, to his noble creation, we have not only to acknowledge the beauty of phraseology and the masterly development of his ideas, but equally, that secondary interest which betrays the higher purpose of the artist, and which, while it is above criticism, is level with the sympathies of those who are sensitive to it. Such is the distinction between a work of Art and a manufacture—between poetry and handicraft; and with this distinction St. Paul is most powerfully marked. It is now to enter upon an examination of its merits, which, as the expression of my own feelings, is the sincerest tribute I can offer to the memory of a genius that needs not the feeble light of verbal commentary to expound his greatness.

No. 1.—The Overture to St. Paul is of a completely different character and form from any of Mendelssohn's secular compositions for the orchestra. It would seem that the author, regarding the so-called contrapuntal style as the highest, because the severest exercise of a musician's powers, assumed this, in which he was among the moderns singularly successful, for his sacred prelude, emulating therein, with the profundity, the dignity of the ancient school, but animating this with the geniality that inseparably associates his music with the feelings of our own time.

This masterly piece of writing is founded upon the Choral, "Sleepers, wake!", the first three strains of which only, however, are employed in the course of the composition. The Overture opens with a short Introduction in which the Canto Fermo appears, first with simple harmony, and then with a counterpoint of moving crotchets; and this is followed by a Fugue on two subjects, (the first, of a very marked and eminently striking character,—the second, which is introduced after the first has been considerably elaborated and is subsequently employed as a counterpoint to it, moving ceaselessly in semiquavers,) throughout

which the Choral is constantly recurring as the Canto Fermo upon which the whole is constructed.

So much, and that the Fugue commences in a moderate tempo, which is gradually accelerated into an animated and very exciting *allegro*, beginning in A minor, and ending in the major of the same tonic, is matter-of-fact and self-obvious. What I have now to propose, as to the connection, namely, of this Overture with the work, and as to its illustration of the subject, is entirely matter of speculation, and by no means to be accepted from my proposition, but rather to be regarded as an acknowledgment of what impression the music conveys to me, offered as a surety to others that there is a meaning that needs but to be sought to be found, the interpretation of which must depend upon the temperament of the hearer.

Let us suppose, then, that the calm, solemn simplicity of the opening implies a summons from the messenger of peace, addressed to the sleeping world, bidding them awaken to the consciousness of the glory that awaits them. In the chief subject of the Fugue is presented the dejection of the fallen human race—at least, thus I understand the pathetic expression of the melody, heightened by the sighing of wind instruments, that always accompanies the repetition of the last phrase; while the hurried, agitated character of the second subject depicts the troublous tumult of the war of passion. Through this the voice of majesty and love is ever heard, calling mankind to prepare for their redemption with always growing power and with always increasing impressiveness. The conflict of earthly desires rages with more and more impetuosity, and the sufferings of the sorrow-stricken people are ever renewed by that unrest which is at once their nourishment and their fruit, their cause and their result, as the mighty waters that yield the clouds which darken the sight of nature are fed by these clouds manifestings, their anger in the fury of the tempest. The voice from heaven continues still to call, mankind is aroused, the brightness of his immortal glory shines upon him, and the goodness of the Creator is most worthily approved in the purification of his greatest work, the intellect—the power to know, and to understand, and to believe—the soul of man.

No. 2.—This and the following piece constitute what may be considered a kind of prologue to the work, analogous, more or less, to the invocation to the muse with which Milton opens his "Paradise Lost," according to the manner of many, if not most of the extensive poetical works of ancient and modern times. The subject of these two pieces comprises the acknowledgment of the greatness of the Creator, the petition that he will give strength to his people to contend with their enemies and to preach his word, and the thank offering for his bountiful protection. The texts here brought together allude directly to the Apostle and his divine mission, the progress of which forms the action of the Oratorio; and they are also, perhaps indirectly, applicable to the composer, whose sacred province as an artist is, by clothing truth in beauty, by refining doctrine into poetry, to carry on the great work of the first teachers, quickening our knowledge into feeling, idealizing our sense of good with the sentiment of loveliness, and thus to stimulate through the subtle agency of our imagination such innermost emotion, as are intangible alike by fact and argument.

This being the purport of the words, the music is harmoniously also of a didactic character, dignified and earnest, but not solemn—bright, broad, energetic, and simple. The introductory bars of symphony and the opening vocal phrase, "Lord! thou alone art God," which is continuous of them, have a noble majesty that finely embodies the exultant feeling expressed in the exclamation. The stately motion of the accompaniment is arrested for the clearer enunciation of the words, "And thine are the Heavens, the Earth, and mighty Waters," which are thus given with true grandeur of effect, to which the masterly transition into D, that marks the first repetition of the sentence with a brightness that seems unsurpassable, eminently conduces. The fugal treatment of the passage on the words, "The heathens furiously rage against thee," is no less pertinent to their expression than is the agitated character of the accom-

paniment, the restless motion of which is maintained with admirable continuity, but without any approach to monotony. This troubled character is preserved by the further continuance of the same figure of accompaniment, while the sustained pianissimo of the voices replaces the feeling of complaint with that of supplication when the Almighty is invoked to look upon the prevailing power of our foes, and to give his servants strength to extend his word. Here, the opening subject is with great propriety resumed; and then, a very condensed recapitulation of the principal ideas of the movement forms a powerful Coda that closes in vigorous grandeur with the simple enunciation of the words comprised in the prayer.

It is here to remark upon the careful husbandry of his orchestral resources that especially characterizes the instrumentation of Mendelssohn. In the present Chorus we have an example, of which the Oratorio furnishes many, of how his power lies in the strength of his ideas rather than in the noise of his instrumentation, and by his sparing employment of these means he almost infinitely redoubles their effect whenever he takes advantage of them, and at the same time gives a variety of color to the entire work, which wondrously enhances its interest.

No. 3.—The calm, reposeful, gentle sense of gratitude is beautifully rendered in the simple character of the Choral, "To God on high," as it is here presented, in harmony of plain counterpoint, and without even the ornament of the very customary interludes between the strains. The melody of this Choral is one of the most modern in its phraseology, and certainly one of the most sympathetic of all these primitive offerings of our art to the service of the Reformed Church, and its popularity may be inferred from Bach having harmonized it in no less than four different ways in his countless collection of Lutheran Hymns, which indicates that it is in such very frequent requisition, as not only gives opportunity for the employment of these several renderings, but, exacts this various treatment as the necessary means of varying its effect.

It is rather the province of the schoolmaster than of the critic to enter upon the discussion of points of grammar, and I shall therefore, throughout these remarks, esteem myself happily exempt from any such disquisition—for which, in fact, except as a medium of eulogy, the present work presents the rarest opportunities. To vindicate the candor of my else unqualified admiration, I owe it to myself, and still more to my object, to avow that in the technical treatment of some of these pieces of plain harmony there occur some progressions, the irregularity of which only eludes observation under cover of the general effect, the absorbing interest of which incapacitates us from regarding minuteness of detail that might contribute to what they cannot destroy. I speak with diffidence, not in ostentation, and, having said, believe I have discharged a duty for which I shall gain no more thanks than credit. There needs not to proceed tediously into particulars, avoiding which I shall leave the exceptional passages still open to the admiration of those who are insensitive to their impropriety, whereby I shall escape the Art-evil of checking the impulse to find beauty and to acknowledge it, while this general declaration will, to those who share my scruples, justify the expressions of delight that the examination of this noble work of genius cannot fail ceaselessly to induce.

The transition into F sharp minor that marks Mendelssohn's treatment of the fifth strain of this Choral is very striking, and the effect of the whole is beautifully appropriate.

[To be continued.]

Concert-giving in New York.

One remark about concerts. It has become a settled maxim with professional concert-givers, that profit is not to be expected from concerts given in New York. The expenses absorb all but the largest receipts. New York, say the professionals, is to the rest of the United States, what Europe is to New York, namely, the place where the reputation is made; or, in other words, it is

the dog on which the physic is tried. If New York bolts the dose, it is then considered safe to administer the same article to the smaller cities. The musicians tell us that this is the fact, and it should be borne in mind by those who contemplate enterprises of the kind. With regard to the expenses of concerts here, we can testify, of our own knowledge, that they are prodigious; a very moderate concert (like Madame de Berg's, for example) costs five hundred dollars. Some concerts, including preliminaries, have involved an expenditure of as many thousands. Therefore, think twice, before you give a concert.—*Home Journal*.

A Rehearsal.

[The following humorous description of a rehearsal is from the New York *Picayune*. It is true to the life, as we can testify.]

Castle Garden presents a very different appearance in the day time, during a rehearsal, to what it does at night when brilliantly lighted and filled with the people in their "Sunday clothes." Having some business with the opera people, we called at the Castle Garden one day last week, and accidentally enjoyed a rich, and to us, an entirely new scene. When we entered the spacious arena, we found the whole of the "powerful orchestra," as the bills say, hard at work on the music of the "Child of the Regiment." Some of them were taking it quite comfortable with their coats off—and we noticed that all who played upon string instruments, or drums, were indulging in a smoke at the same time. This was, no doubt, a privation to the wind instruments, who of course could not "blow" and smoke too. The "trombone" seemed to feel it the most, and took revenge on the "violins," by dividing and turning his instrument into a blow pipe, and chewing bits of paper, and hitting the rest of them on the head. The bald spot on the head of the stout German who played the bass viol, seemed to be a favorite mark for his paper balls, but all the balls he could throw, could never compel him to take his bow off the strings to scratch the abused spot, until the proper rest arrived in the music. Now and then only the pate was attended to. Some of the orchestra played their instruments as if they were paid by the day, and cared for nothing else than the arrival of quitting time. Others entered into the work with all their soul, and seemed to be perfectly delighted with their occupation.

On a high seat, at a piano, with coat off, and wristbands turned up, sat the leader, Max Maretzek, who played the piano with one hand, while he beat time with a baton in the other. His whole body moved with the cadence of the music—and as each singer came forward on the stage, he gave them their starting note, both on the piano and with the voice. We were gazing on him, wondering if he took such an interest in the rehearsal of all operas, when we were astonished to see him throw up his arms in despair, stop the band, and fairly squirm off his seat. At first we thought he might have an attack of cramps in the stomach, but a moment explained all. The ophicleide, in the remotest corner of the orchestra, had played a wrong note, which nearly tore the shirt off and the brains out of poor Max. All eyes were now turned upon the unconscious ophicleide—and "dis ish nit right," rang through the orchestra. The singers on the stage stopped in wonderment, and Badiali looked daggers. The ophicleide defended his notes, and exhibited his music, which was immediately changed, amid a general expression of German, which of course was all Dutch to us. Madame Sontag was not rehearsing, and it was amusing to hear a *sotto voce*, belonging, we believe to the "bass drum," sing her role, to the accompaniment of the orchestra. His efforts were received with applause by the "grand chorus" on the stage, and his fellow blowers. Several dark Italian maidens, we were going to say, were walking about the stage, throwing up their arms and eyes, and going through their role.

The "Regiment," which looks so formidable at night, could not be told now, from a meeting of German boot makers on a strike. One cove among them was a "funny man," who danced with all his body, except his feet, all the lively

airs in the opera. His effervescence of spirits led him to run a cove down, a "feller soger," back in the front rank, which caused the fellow soldier to let out a streak of Dutch as long as your arm.

While this was going on, the grand finale approached, and the people on the stage became intensely excited, and came down to Max Maretzek, who was in the ninth heaven, and an awful perspiration, and shook their fists at him, and stamped their feet, singing all the while with their utmost force. Max returned their fist-shaking by pounding the piano in a most malignant manner. The orchestra caught the influence, and came down heavy. The bass drum boomed like a distant cannon—the kettle drums rattled in the most terrific manner. The "bass viol" seemed determined to saw the strings in two, if a bow of horse hair can do it. The "Ophicleide" grew red in the face, and the "trombone's" cheeks swelled like a distorted bladder. Grand crash followed grand crash, until we looked above us, to see if the ceiling was still in its place, and then as the last crash was ended, instead of nipping it off short to catch the applause, as they do at night, they all set up the most horrid discord that ever saluted mortal ears. A general roar of laughter succeeds this, and the rehearsal is over.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1853.

Relation of the Press to Artists and their Agents.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We took occasion last week, apropos to the "black mail" controversy raging in New York, to offer some remarks upon the whole subject of the relation of the Press to persons who give operas and concerts which they expect the Press to notice. With the special controversy in question we have here no more to do, subsequent developments having plainly narrowed it to a question of veracity between individuals in New York. Leaving aside individual cases and persons, we wish, if it be possible, to introduce some distincter light into what has hitherto been a very vague and delicate subject. This, to be sure, is mainly for the benefit of artists, publishers and musical professors, and may not prove entirely entertaining to our general readers. Yet it concerns them also; it concerns the entire music-loving public to know what principles govern or should govern the Press in those notices of musical doings on which the public is so accustomed either to rely or to complain that it cannot rely.

The subject of the alleged outright buying and selling of editorial opinions,—bribery—"black-mail," &c., has been sufficiently discussed. It is only interesting as a matter of fact; as a matter of principle there can be no doubt of its illegitimacy. There is no vagueness here; it is simply crime, and properly should need no intervention of the casuists, but only of the constable. We have to do now with matters more ambiguous, with those vague expectations entertained toward the Press by musical artists, agents, publishers, &c., who have business therewith. We have already traced the origin of all this vagueness to the false and illegitimate presumption of *favor* in the dealings of these people with the Press:—a very natural and innocent presumption it may be in the first place, but which leads to a vast deal of insincerity and mischief, and to a very general confounding of generosity with justice, of personal with public obligation.

1. There are several ways, or kinds of "favors," by which musical agents, &c., are apt to fancy that they bind an editor to favorable notice. The most considerable and most common is by advertising in his paper. Newspapers depend upon their "advertising patrons" for their chief support; even a small weekly journal, like our own, does this to some extent. The idea is, then: We bring business to you, therefore we expect you to commend customers to us; we pay you so much for advertising our concert, or our new book, therefore you must urge your readers to go to the one or buy the other. (At the most, the equal return would be that the editor himself should buy the ticket or the book, not that he should drum up other purchasers.) But is this reasonable? is it right? Because you buy of us does it therefore follow that we can honestly send people to buy of you? Because our wares (our types, our columns) suit your purposes, does it follow that what you have to sell should suit our readers? By no means. If you advertise with us, it is because you think the simple advertisement worth to your business more than you pay us for it. The *quid pro quo* for what you pay us (viz. our stated, honest price) is the circulation which our paper gives your advertisement; that is the "value received," and you have no right to look to us for any more. We have no right to grant you any more, when by so doing we might idly or insincerely bias our readers as to the merit of what you advertise. Yet every editor knows how common a thing it is for advertisers to expect "a little word or two of editorial" in corroboration of the statements of the advertisement, just by way of "preparing the public mind" for the new book or the new prima donna. Perhaps the newspapers themselves, at least many of them, are to blame as being partly the creators of this expectation. It is the rule with many papers to notice only the performances or publications of those who advertise with them, thus seeming to countenance the inference that their editorial notice is to be taken as a premium upon advertising patronage: in which view of course the notice, or the general tenor of the successive notices of the advertising party, must be favorable. It certainly is a pitiful meanness to take advantage (as many do) of an editor's obliging disposition by making his gratuitous notice and commendation of you and your product save you the expense of an advertisement; wheedling or importuning a paper into doing your work at its own expense. But even this meanness, from which all papers sometimes suffer, is no justification of a practice which couples advertising with the hope of editorial favor.

2. *Complimentary free tickets.* This is another still more delicate matter to handle. There is all sorts of ambiguity and indefiniteness about the position in which an editor or critic is placed by the receiving of a free ticket to a public performance, and still more by the *almost* universal practice, which has caused such accommodations to be expected as a matter of course. Indeed so common is the practice, that it becomes a *slight*, almost an *insult*, to be overlooked in the distribution of these courtesies. The majority of intelligent and respectable concert-givers and their agents doubtless hold and act upon the right theory of the matter, although the theory may never have been stated. But there are many small and silly enough to withhold the card of in-

itation from a paper which does not praise them and humor them "to the top of their bent" in its criticisms; who so far forget the dignity of their calling as to try to palm off their cards on editors as due-bills payable in "puffs" of them and their performances. Contemptible assumption! Of course every editor with any self-respect would infinitely rather stay at home or pay for his own ticket like his neighbors; (probably in most cases he would choose the former, ticket or no ticket.) This puny revenge on the part of managers for unfavorable criticisms, as well as the meanness sometimes shown in the accommodations for the press at the theatres and concerts, has led some respectable editors to decline such "privileges of the press" altogether, and insist on paying for their ticket when they care to witness a performance. Decidedly we say, let the entire press demand to be placed on the same footing with the general public in these matters, if the system of free or complimentary tickets really does imply an obligation on the part of the receivers to publish favorable notices, or any notices at all, of all they go to see and hear. Better waive the privilege, than have any ambiguity about it. If the editor or critic receive nothing, then he is not bound; then his relation to the artist is a sound, legitimate and honorable one.

But, we apprehend, experience has settled it to be for the general interest of all concerned, both artists, press, and public, that the public reporters or journalists, in any or in all spheres whereof it is their business to keep the public advised and enlightened, should have free, convenient, honorable access to all that is publicly going on in such spheres. This, we take it, is the true theory and rationale of the free ticket system. It is for the interest of artists that editors and true connoisseurs, who write about such matters, should be at all times free to witness their exhibitions, because without the journals it is not possible to arrest and hold the public attention to such things. It is for the interest of the whole exhibiting class *collectively* and in the long run, that this freedom of access be extended to the reporting class *collectively* and as a permanent system, and without weighing or questioning the benefit in any given instance. In other words, the independent, conscientious, and fair-minded musical critic views the matter thus: If Madame Sontag, or Max Maretzek, or Ole Bull, or Gottschalk, sends me a ticket to her or his artistic entertainment, it must not bind me in this especial case to notice favorably, or at all, unless I shall see fit, but it is sent me to increase the probabilities of my so seeing fit, and it pledges me (so far as it goes) anew to the whole general cause of Art and of my readers' interest in Art, which I am already pledged to serve, by noticing the works and deeds of artists at such seasons and in such measure as I shall feel truly moved and able. In accepting the ticket I have entered into no bargain with the sender, either to praise him or to speak of him at all. The test of my fidelity to my own proper function in this case is, the readiness and enterprise and fairness with which I seize upon and improve true texts of Art. But often silence is the truest comment; and often it is impossible amid the pressure of many things to speak of all, while I cannot properly discharge my duty to *any* unless I have the chance to know of *all*.—By no other theory of the critical office is true criticism possible. Now is it, or is it not for the interest of artists

altogether that there should be true and honest criticism? If it is (as in the long run who can doubt) then it must proceed from those who have every convenience to hear and know about not only such performances as the hearing binds them to praise, but all performances from which knowledge of the Art and its true standards can be learned. In other words, the public only values the criticisms of those well *booked up*. Now will you destroy all criticism, will you invite none but favoring critics to your concerts, and thereby destroy all public confidence in newspaper notices of Art, because you, luckless virtuoso, may chance to get passed over or to fare hardly in the scales of criticism?

It is evident therefore that an editor or critic cannot enter a concert room in that unbiased state of mind which makes a criticism of any worth, if his admission there be construed as a pledge to write in any given manner or at all; and if it be for the general interest that editors have a free admission, then it must be with the fullest understanding that it implies no pledge in any given instance. The critic's duty is first and foremost to his readers and to Art, and then to the artist simply as an artist, and not as one who can retain him as an advocate in a pecuniary speculation; that is the business of Madame's agents and not of the editor or critic. We believe this (if we have clearly stated our meaning) to be the only sound theory and basis of the "complimentary ticket" system. We can conceive of no other understanding on which an editor can accept such accommodation (as an editor,—of course he is a man too, and a private individual sometimes) and preserve the purity of the critical function inviolate. At all events let it be one thing or the other; away with all this ambiguity; let the free admission of the press be a regular, honorable, unexceptional rule and system, or let it be abolished altogether. If it is retained, let it be wholly in the light of a facility, a means of knowing and of judging, which it is the interest and duty of the public in all ways to extend to the public reporters. If it cannot be retained in this broad and honorable sense, let it be given up, and let editors pay like other people, when they want to see and hear. By either of these two systems, and by no other, does the relation of the Press to public performers become a clear and unequivocal one. We cannot doubt, as we have said before, that most intelligent and honorable artists and editors do practically regard the complimentary ticket system in this only sound and reasonable light. It is only small and jealous people and pretenders, those who really are not *artists*, who would keep criticism at a distance and invite in only those whom they can hold committed to admire and praise them.

There are still other branches of this subject which require consideration, but we have no room now.

Gould's History of Church Music in America.

This is quite an entertaining book. More than that, it is a faithful and a curious chapter in the history of actual New England life and manners. Church music in America of course means psalmody. It has had its heroes and apostles in its day, and really has constituted a sort of *quasi* musical world, full of events and glories, by itself, the patriotic inhabitants whereof seldom looked abroad as if there could be any greater worlds; or if they did, if they got any intimations of other schools of Art, of Palestrinas, and Beethovens, and Rossinis, &c., these

to them were cold and distant Jupiters and Herschells compared to this warm, eventful, central globe of psalmody, in which their great "composers" (so they called each other) rivalled Handel by their *tunes*, sung in the village choirs with so much unction. (And they had reason; Handel, or Mozart, never wrote such *tunes*, though modern, degenerate psalm-book makers use their names a great deal.)

There is some grand music, however, in the simple form of psalmody and chorals, and it is impressively employed in the worship of all Christian people. But New England, we do believe, is the only place where the multiplication of psalm-tunes has become a business for thousands and where the whole musical Art and the whole cause of musical culture has been regarded purely from the stand-point of psalmody. There are thousands of our country choir enthusiasts who regard psalmody as the only legitimate, pure music, and look on all the rest as fantastical, sophisticated, questionable stuff, an *innocent* diversion sometimes, but no more; and we are credibly assured that in many of our country towns they look on Mason, Woodbury, Baker, &c., as greater composers and geniuses than all the Handels, Mozarts and Beethovens they "hear'n tell of."

We do not believe that New England psalmody will hold anything like that place in the history of Music, which its principal creators and compilers, and the authors of such books as this before us, seem to fancy. Yet it has not been without its uses in cherishing religious sentiment, in cheering barren and prosaic lives, and in stimulating some love of music among us. And we thank the author of this very readable history for his faithful, modest, cleverly accomplished work. It is full of quaint and pleasant anecdote; it revives the memory of many persons who ought not to be forgotten; it chronicles the revolutions of styles and tastes; it avoids offence to "living authors," by neither blaming or praising any; it preludes by a brief digest of the early history of music, omitting no part of the scriptural allusions; and it abounds in good, sensible, practical suggestions. For the writer is a teacher of great experience, having taught singing-schools in about a hundred different places, numbering some 50,000 pupils! (A list of these schools is appended.)

He also adds a list of all the "Collections" published in this country between the years 1810 and 1852; they number about eighty. A spirit of great simplicity and kindness pervades all the writer's reminiscences. He is himself a product of the village choir, a genuine enthusiast of that school of music.

The book is a neat duodecimo of 240 pages, published by Gould & Lincoln, of this city.

A NEW VOLUME of this journal will commence with the number for Saturday, October 8th. Just the beginning of the musical season, and just the time for new subscribers to begin to read our paper. We trust our friends, who are satisfied that this paper is worth sustaining, will use a little effort to induce others to subscribe.

We would also state for the benefit of those who may wish to keep connectedly such mirror of the musical times as we have given for the eighteen months past, that we have a good supply of all the back numbers on hand, with bound volumes of the first year.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are actively preparing for the coming season. Their friends will be glad to learn that an excellent artist is on his way to join them, who will sustain Mr. Lehmann's part. Mr. August Fries has been spending the summer in Leipzig, studying assiduously new works for the coming season, which will be presented by the Club in the careful and appreciative style for which they are distinguished. We hope and expect they will meet with all the encouragement they deserve for their persevering efforts for the introduction of music of the highest character in Boston; and surely no association has done more than they have towards it, in the same length of time.

NEWPORT.—A private correspondent writes us:—"GOTTSCALK gave three concerts here with indifferent success." [How differently success is measured by the newspapers and by the knowers!] "I heard him at a

concert given for the sufferers in New Orleans. His own compositions are without much merit; though I found several *new* bravura figures of excellent effect, but which he repeated in every piece. He played a portion of Weber's *Concert-Stück* nicely, (without accompaniment), introducing octaves, finely done. He certainly has much and clear execution.—But O! that splendid Pleyel piano! such a tone! such clearness in the bass!" &c.

....."As for Jullien and his orchestra, I really believe, although there may be much clap-trap and mere glitter in his affairs, he will popularize orchestra music more in six months, than the efforts of any local society can do in ten years. I don't think this is saying much. If such is to be the case, why good luck to his coming!"

London.

SPOHR'S "JESSONDA" has been the event of the month, having been produced at the Royal Italian Opera, under every advantage, but with limited success, on the 8th and 9th August. Mr. Chorley's criticism upon it, in the *Athenæum*, so well recalls our own impressions of whatever we have heard of Spohr's vocal music, that we feel considerable assurance of its justice. We copy the substantial portions.

The story, taken from M. Lemierre's 'Veuve de Malabar,' affords scope for descriptive music and contrast in national and local color,—though it is arranged with small regard to dramatic situation. Alow Jessonda, (BOSTO), a Portuguese by birth, and the half-wedded widow of a Rajan, is rescued from becoming the bride of fire in solemnization of her lord's funeral obsequies, by the intervention of her old lover, a Portuguese General Tristano (BELLETTI)—the part that Nador, (LUCCHESE) a young Brahmin, and Amazili, Jessonda's sister, (CASTELLAN) take in her deliverance—need not be told point by point; so widely has the work been circulated in the closet and in the concert-room. Not less universal has been the tradition that 'Jessonda' is Dr. Spohr's best opera. This we cannot think. The music is throughout carefully made, but in no part or portion of it is it dramatic. There is the vapidity of opium in its sweetness,—not the rich, healthy savor of honey. There is the whine of complaint without the permission of grief in its sorrow,—the strain of disquiet without the depth of emotion in its passion. Though the structure is good, the ideas are meagre, mannered, and wanting in freshness. From the rising of the curtain till the falling of the same, there is not a simple melody, as we understand the word,—but in its place a surfeit of phrases, the pattern of which suggests the idea of quotations from Mozart, diluted and disguised by the perpetual use of the *appoggiatura*. The repetition of well-beloved harmonies and cadences—the monotonous manner in which the voices are treated with reference to the orchestra (not the orchestra with reference to the voice)—become utterly cloying. The perpetual unsettlement of chromatic modulation could not be pushed further, whether the singer be the Indian widow, her sister, her lover, or the Portuguese General—whether solitary or in concert. Dr. Spohr has only one receipt for conducting *adagio* or *allegro*—lament or triumph-chant—to a close. Further, skillful and elaborate as in his instrumentation—about the neatest *marqueterie* (to venture a fantasy) that exists in Music,—it is never brilliant. We are forever fancying the climax about to come, which never arrives,—forever listening for some relief of variety to the ear, that never is administered. How dead and dull, in short, is the orchestral sound—how deficient in that life, without which there is no dramatic vitality,—the student will best ascertain by comparing (without reference to their respective ideas) the combat *finale* in Spohr's second act, to the *finale* in 'Don Juan,'—the 'Waffentanz' in the Portuguese camp, to any of Gluck's *airs de ballet*. The impression, in short, of lassitude arising from want of dramatic impulse, want of interest in idea, and want of variety in treatment, became so complete as the opera went on, that in very impatience of work so carefully put together and thus apparently so good—but in reality so bad because devoid of invention—the ear at last began absolutely to think of Bellini's baldest unison with toleration, and to escape from the sighing, dying closes of airs without tune, from passages without novelty, complications without force, and difficulties without effect—to such threadbare and comparatively flimsy pieces of display as Pacini's *rondo* from 'Niobe' or the delicious serenade from 'Don Pasquale'—Rossini, of course, not coming into the comparison. Nay, as regards its composer's own operatic works, 'Jessonda' contains nothing which for freshness may compare with the introduction to 'Faust,'—for *cantilena* with the grand airs for Cuni-gonda and Ugo from the same opera,—for character with the song 'Va bramando' of Mephistopheles,—for display of the voice with the favorite *terzett* from 'Zemire and Azor.'

The spirit of the above remarks must not be mistaken,—however imperatively we feel them called for, in aid of those who love in their pleasures to think, to class, and to know how it is they can be wearied, even if they love good music, by the work of a good musician. The high finish and delicate humor of Addison's prose style do not make 'Cato' endurable as a stage-play. The acquirement, individuality, and consistency which Dr. Spohr displays in his instrumental compositions cannot enchant

our ear into accepting a stage work so lugubrious, sickly, and mono-chromatic as the opera in question. Let it, however, be noted, to keep the balance true, that 'Jessonda' suffers from the hearer's familiarity with its composer's style. Possibly no classical writer ever existed whose peculiarities fall on the taste so rapidly as those of Dr. Spohr. There is, and there must be, a time with every amateur when his manner is felt to be seductive,—but to that, with many, succeeds a period when the entire mass of his music, marked as it is with one touch and one tone of color, is listened to with a calmness not far from indifference as being mechanical and monotonous. The lukewarmness may be as unjust as the love was immoderate; but the sequence of one to the other remains a fact not to be avoided.

JOHN PARRY.—Cock's *Miscellany* announces the retirement from public life of this incomparable singer and composer of musical drolleries, such as 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Blue Beard,' &c. He was the prototype of Mr. J. L. Hatton, in those genial, funny entertainments, by which he was wont to set us laughing unto tears. The *Athenæum* says of him:

It should be recorded, that Mr. John Parry's drolleries have been as delightful to the most scientific and most fastidious of musicians as to the general audiences that flocked to listen to "the accomplished young lady" and "Fair Rosamond," or to assist at the wondrous amateur singing and pianoforte playing so shrewdly and mirthfully reproduced in his later entertainments. Mr. John Parry's whimsies were started, if we mistake not, under the aid and by the abetting of Madame Malibran at Naples; but we have seen Mendelssohn sit to listen by the hour with the eager face of an enjoying child, and we have heard Chopin laugh till he was almost "ready to die" (so frail in his case was the machine) at the travesties, parodies, imitations, and *amphigouris* of this racy humorist.

STERNDALE BENNETT.—The Concert-Direction at Leipzig have made a handsome and liberal offer to Mr. Sterndale Bennett, to conduct the whole series of *Abonnement* Concerts, held at the Gewandhaus, during the winter. These concerts—the most famous in Germany—were formerly directed, as our readers well know, by the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. During his visits to Leipzig, which were of long duration, Mr. Sterndale Bennett performed his third and fourth pianoforte concertos at the Gewandhaus concerts: and also held the *baton* by Mendelssohn's own desire, when the illustrious composer himself was the sole performer. The series comprises twenty performances, beside extra concerts, for charities, &c., and extends from the end of September to the beginning of March. We are not yet informed, whether Mr. Bennett has been able to accept the very honorable proposal of the Leipzig Directors. It is worthy to be placed on record, as the first compliment of the kind that was ever paid by a foreign society to an English musician.—*London Musical World*.

Advertisements.

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